BOOKS OF THE WEEK SEEN IN REVIEW AND COMMENT

CRITICAL REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S LATEST BOOKS

Forrest Reid's Story of the Boyhood of a Poet Who Went Into Trade.

"John Bogardus" Paints the Episodic Career of a Wanderer Who Does Not Develop.

Scenes of Village Life—James Oliver Curwood's "Hunted Lady" an Exciting Narrative.

There is beautiful workmanship in Forrest Reid's "At the Door of the Gate" (Houghton Mifflin Company), fine descriptions of nature, careful study of character, restraint in realistic details and a dramatic crisis at the end which even an outburst of sensationalism does not obscure, so that much may be hoped from the author when once he chooses to follow his own path and abandon his false gods. Though the blight of the most recent English realism is on him he shows an individuality that sets him apart from the other eminently respectable followers of A. Bennett. The story is the biography of a boy, an imaginative youth, a poet, but with a strong sense of duty which makes him repress himself and enter on a commercial career to please his mother. This is in Belfast, a dreary industrial town with nothing Irish about it, which might be one of the Five Towns, and is inhabited by the sordid, prosaic people that young realists feel bound to depict. The boy loves his mother and wishes to gain her regard, but she steadfastly misunderstands him and gives her whole affection to another son, a vicious weakling, who behaves shamefully to his brother. The hero hates him partly through jealousy, but more because he resents the success of his evil doing; at times he seems insane on the subject. He is drawn into a marriage with a pretty but shallow girl and is unhappy; he finds an Egeria in a girl who has grown up with him and appreciates his qualities, but whom he does not love. Finally he loses his wife, kills his brother, throws up his job, refuses to elope with his consoler and finds that he is at last free to go out into the world. The only woman he has really cared for is his mother. A good study of a temperament even if the final excessive outburst suggests that its place is in an asylum.

The opening of George Agnew Chamberlain's "John Bogardus" (The Century Company) presents possibilities which are not fulfilled. The hero is cast adrift in Europe by his father, who is a college professor, in order that he may acquire a European education; on his return he makes the acquaintance of his father, discovers that he is human because he plays poker, takes a hand at college instruction, finds that he does not care for it, throws up his work, becomes a wanderer and after three amatory episodes is commandeered by the college to teach sociology. The author quickly gives up the comparison between the exotic education and American ways; he seems to have no high opinion of it and to think it leads to immorality. His hero travels about a good deal, but seems to be as youthful at the end as at the beginning; what the point of his love affairs may be, unless it is a plea for the single standard, we have failed to discover. First, when a boy, he buys a little orphan from her foster parents, takes her on a sea voyage and finds a home for her in South Africa; then, so far as we can see he forgets her. Second, on leaving the college, he tramps into Connecticut, puts up at a farmhouse and enters upon an amusing flirtation with the farmer's daughter. This is carried on with the lightness of Mr. Chambers's or Mr. G. Morris's summer tales. He is saved from serious consequences by the young woman's calculating nature. Third, after sailing the seas for some years, he is taken in by a kind missionary in San Francisco, to whose little children he tells stories and to whose older daughter he tries to make love; she believes strictly in one standard of morality for both sexes, and he is obliged to withdraw. He publishes the stories and so becomes an author. Fourth, with his mind set on matrimony, he meets in New York an actress as detached as he is; she prefers to live with him on condition that they start fresh and forget their respective pasts. He begins to worry over hers, proving that the other side of the single standard doesn't work, and so they part and he is ready to teach university sociology. The three episodes make interesting stories, but the hero's character does not develop. The author's humor is pretty flippant at times.

Plenty of talent and a certain amount of humor are shown in the very short sketches by A. Neil Lyons entitled "Moby Lane and Thereabouts" (John Lane and Company), in which village people and doings are described, but so much cruelty and misery are interspersed that the reader will be inclined to suspect the humor. The sketches give the impression of cleverness rather than sincerity, the sentiment is too often false and the funniness artificial.

Chorus girl life in London is described in gloomy colors by Countess Barcynska in "The Honey Pot" (E. P. Dutton and Company). There is a foolish virgin whom the reader will like in spite of her infatuation for a vulgar Hebrew. She has worked her way up to the front row in the face of difficulties and the stage is an improvement on the life she leaves behind. With the wise virgin, who only turns from her respectable surroundings because she is bored, it is harder to sympathize. The author seems thoroughly imbued with the middle class notions of the immorality of managers and actors, great and small, but manages to rescue her two heroines before she closes.

It is with much of the rapidity and the delicate psychology of the photoplays that James Oliver Curwood hurries along the heroine of "The Hunted Lady" (Doubleday, Page and Company). Her experiences in out of the way places all over the globe should have prevented her behaving like a girl just out of boarding school in the rough, head of the rail camp in Canada. It was necessary for her, however, to meet the hero, a famous author, under auspicious circumstances. As soon as they get together the strenuous life begins, for they have villainy of all sorts to contend against. In some of the adventures Mr. Curwood shows his familiarity with the Northwest land, in others he is merely melodramatic. The story is very exciting.

Even more strongly is the influence of the moving pictures shown in Jackson Gregory's "The Outlaw" (Dodd, Mead and Company), in which life on the ranch is turned into a rapid succession of melodramatic situations. The faith of several persons in the rather unprepossessing cowboy hero is justified in the end; he is also enabled by means of a remarkable display of bad manners to distinguish between the right girl and the wrong. The author revives Bret Harte's gentlemanly gambler to add to the excitement.

Though the three young girls in Marion Ames Taggart's "Hollyhock House" (Doubleday, Page and Company) are described as of tender years, they talk and behave as older people do. They are engaged chiefly in educating their mother, a singer and entertainer who had abandoned them because she could not live without the applause of the public. She comes home when she loses her voice and her daughters try to keep her contented and amused. Fortunately there are no money difficulties on either side. The description of the type of woman in whom the motherly feeling is wholly undeveloped is very good; it is difficult to feel much sympathy for her even when she wakes up. There are pleasant scenes and pleasant people in the story.

In "Emmeline" (Houghton Mifflin Company) Elsie Singmaster tells the story of a young girl who accidentally was on the firing line at the battle of Gettysburg. The farmhouse in which she happened to be was used by the Confederates as a hospital and she helped. The one-armed rebel in charge succeeds in showing her that even the enemy could be kind and gentlemanly. It is an interesting story, particularly valuable at this time because it shows a side of war that is being overlooked, though plenty of testimony comes from the fighting lines of the kindnesses shown to each other by the contestants.

ABOUT THE WAR.

The chief merit of Arthur Bullard's "The Diplomacy of the Great War" (Macmillans) is that it does not pretend to be authoritative or to settle anything. The author writes as an intelligent person who has devoted some study and thought to the subject of which he treats and is trying to make it intelligible to the general reader. He reviews the history of Europe from the Franco-Prussian war, explains a good many of the theories and explanations that the war has brought forth, tells what he thinks himself about many matters that have come up, including the outcome of the war and what the United States should do, all in pretty familiar language, which excludes all pedagogical intention. Much that he says is fair and sensible and much represents only personal opinions, such as any layman has a right to form. The book should be of some assistance to persons who cannot refrain from talking about the war, as it will give them some information on many matters commonly misunderstood.

It is journalism of far from the highest character that Gilbert K. Chesterton offers in "The Crimes of England" (John Lane Company). Comic satire and abuse of the enemy is hardly dignified, whether a German or an Englishman indulges in it. The crimes which Mr. Chesterton deplores are the mistakes which, in his opinion, England has made in dealing with Prussia from the time of Frederick the Great to the present; events being judged, not in the light of history, but according to the passions of the present moment.

The third successive bearer of a distinguished New England name, Benjamin Apthorp Gould, has apparently cast his lot with Canada, and has contributed articles to the Canadian newspapers since the war began which are now collected in "The War Thoughts of an Optimist" (E. P. Dutton and Company). Mr. Gould's views are undoubtedly shared by many people in the United States as well as the Canadians whom he addresses.

A somewhat unexpected view of the war and of France is presented by Paul Sabatier in "A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War" (Charles Scribner's Sons). He testifies as does every one who has been in France to the revelation of the strength of French character and the sense of duty which has been manifest since the war began. Being a theologian, however, he sees in the change also a renewal of religion and his exposition of this idea is very interesting.

The volume entitled "The Path of Glory" (John Lane Company) which has been added to the complete edition of Anatole France's works in English translation is distinctly a war volume which must not be judged critically. The inclusion of the French text with the translation adds interest to the volume, which is made up of patriotic articles and letters, generally very short, which the author has published since the war began and of a few other articles and poems by others.

An ingenuously simple device is employed by Prof. Charles Sarolea in "Great Russia" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York) to make the Russians popular in England and to demonstrate that they stand for liberty and for human progress. He describes the many nationalities in the empire and emphasizes their good qualities. He extols the radical writers and Russian achievement in literature and the arts. He demonstrates, on the other hand, how Germanized the ruling family has been since Peter the Great's time, and attributes all that is wrong to the rulers and all that is good to the people. He assumes that the people will dominate if the Allies succeed in the war and that it will naturally set right the oppression of the Poles and of the Jews. His dream of a Slav regeneration of Europe is worth considering.

EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS, AUTHOR OF "THOSE ABOUT TRENCH" (MAC-MILLAN CO.)

MRS ATHERTON LATEST PICTURE OF THE CALIFORNIAN NOVELIST PHOTO. BY ROCKWOOD JR

FRANK DANBY AUTHOR OF "TWILIGHT." (DODD MEAD & CO.)

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY.

It is something of a typographical feat to compress John Richard Green's "A Short History of the English People" into two small volumes of "Everyman's Library," but the Dents have been successful in doing this, as they generally are, and have managed also to use type that is clear and legible and none too small. A survey of the history for the period following that at which Green closed his book has been prepared by R. P. Farley. Green's "History" was preeminently a book that belonged in the convenient and popular "Everyman's Library" and will be welcome to the many who prefer their books in that attractive form (E. P. Dutton and Company).

The new additions to the more serious side of the "Library" consist of a collection of the writings of William Penn, "The Peace of Europe," with which are included his histories of the Quakers and of Pennsylvania, "Some Fruits of Solitude," and the advice to his children, with an interesting memoir; and Cardinal Newman's "On the Scope and Nature of University Education," for which Wilfrid Ward provides an introduction.

The contribution to lighter literature is made up of the delightful "Life of the Duke of Newcastle," by Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, with her other writings; of George Macdonald's first romance, "Phantastes"; of Dickens's "Edwin Drood," and the "Master Humphrey's Clock" papers, with Gilbert K. Chesterton's comments; of Balzac's "Ursule Mirouet," and of a volume of Ibsen's earlier plays, "Lady Inger of Ostraat," "Love's Comedy" and "The League of Youth."

Very welcome to many readers will be the opportunity to possess the charming tales of Juliana Horatia Ewing in two handy volumes. The first contains the children's stories that have become classics, "Jackanapes," with "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot" and "The Story of a Short Life," with the original illustrations by Caldecott and Dora Curtis; the second contains nine less familiar tales, "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances and Other Stories." An interesting memoir of Mrs. Ewing by her sister is prefixed to the first volume. The new additions maintain to the full the high standard of quality and of interest set by "Everyman's" and do credit to the taste and judgment of Ernest Rhys, the editor, and of J. M. Dent and Sons, the publishers.

MR. ROOSEVELT.

In writing the life of his friend and classmate "Theodore Roosevelt" (Houghton Mifflin Company) Charles G. Washburn rather disappoints his readers, for he hurries over the years of his intimacy, the college days and the period before the war with Spain and dwells chiefly on his own estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's later political life, his present opinions on various matters and the part he may have to play in the near future. Even the personal reminiscences are colored, perhaps unavoidably, by comparisons with the later Roosevelt. It is an interesting and well written campaign biography, illustrated with portraits.

Mr. Roosevelt's own contribution to the gospel of preparedness and to the criticism of the conduct of political affairs since his relegation to private life, which has already appeared in periodicals, is now issued in book form in "Fear God and Take Your Own Part" (George H. Doran Company). It makes a formidable campaign manifesto and serves the purpose of presenting in a form convenient for reference all that Mr. Roosevelt has chosen to say on the subject in the last few months.

OTHER BOOKS.

In one small volume, "The Story of the Submarine" (The Century Company), Farnham Bishop gives a readable and satisfactory account of the one new instrument of war that has fully proved its effectiveness, in the form that most readers will prefer. He begins with an account of the first experiments and the inventors who have contributed to the evolution of the modern submarine; then he describes the vessels of the present day and what they have done so far. He avoids technicalities as much as possible. The result is a shipshape and helpful little book.

A patient labor has been performed with the love of an antiquarian by C. Irvine Walker in "Romance of Lower Carolina" (Art Publishing Company, Charleston, S. C.). The author has looked up all the sites mentioned in the Colonial and Revolutionary history of the lowland portions of the Palmetto State and he has studied the traditions and legends. Many of the things he narrates are known generally in a way; his work has been to discover the exact place and to describe it as it is now and to ascertain as far as possible the precise facts in the stories and legends. The subject he deals with is fascinating and will attract many readers beyond the boundaries of South Carolina.

To the delightful series of "Garden Flowers in Color" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) William Watson has added a brief volume on "Climbing Plants." The directions about their choice, their uses and their cultivation are clear and helpful and the lists of available species and varieties are very complete. The colored pictures are beautiful and the others are excellent.

An endeavor to explain outdoor games to spectators and others is made by Jessie H. Bancroft and W. D. Pulvermacher in "Handbook of Athletic Games" (Macmillans). The information about the many ball games, from basketball, hockey and golf to baseball and football, is full and explicit enough to help players also. That about track athletics gives directions for organization at all events; rowing is treated more briefly. So long as records are given at all, there seems no good reason for omitting the names of the winners.

Much sensible advice, that will be especially useful to stenographers, will be found in Ellen Lane Spencer's "The Efficient Secretary" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The author indicates what qualities are desirable in a secretary; she also points out faults that should be avoided. She does not attempt, however, to prescribe a course of education for the position, as she evidently thinks that personal qualifications and characteristics are more important.

The record of last year's brilliant campaign for woman suffrage will be found in the lively and interesting report of the secretary, Mrs. Minnie J. Reynolds, contained in the illustrated "Year Book of the Women's Political Union of New Jersey, 1915" (Newark, N. J.).

FIRST NOVEL AT 48: ONLY PART FICTION

Fanny Butcher of the Chicago *Tribune*, who used to be a pupil of Edwin Herbert Lewis, author of "Those About Trench" (Macmillan), recently undertook to interview her former teacher, who has published his first novel at 48 and has astounded his friends with a tale about the Balkans, of which none of them conceived him to have any more knowledge than the next fellow. This is Miss Butcher's story of the interview:

He was comfortably settled in a big chair, puffing away at a pipe that had "satisfaction guaranteed" glowing from its shiny brown bowl.

"Didn't you tell me one time that you wrote Trench to get it out of your system?" I asked.

"Yes, that was the first draft of the thing. There were six hundred pages of it, mostly philosophy, doubts, fears. I showed it to everybody who would read it. They mostly said I couldn't put it across. They didn't do a thing to it. I threw the manuscript in the fire."

"And then you fished it out?" I hinted.

"No. Mrs. Lewis did. It was up at Encampment, where we have a big fireplace. You can't be tragic with a manuscript in Chicago—can't throw it into a register or a radiator, you know. We had a regular scene—fit for the movies. Man scowling, lady clasping charred paper. Great stuff!"

"Your story must have gone through something more than rescuing, though. It's not six hundred pages long now, and there's only the slightest hint of philosophy in it. It's a story, and in the second part a mighty thrilling one. It's so thrilling that it doesn't sound real. I'd never have suspected you of George Barr McCutcheoning."

"And of course I wouldn't, my child. When a man gets into his forty-ninth year before he writes his first novel he doesn't write stuff that he doesn't believe."

"You don't mean to say that you knew about the conspiracy to assassinate the Archduke Ferdinand," I said, with a real feeling of awe in my heart.

"Not knew, but know. When I decided on my story I set about getting the truth about it. I have right now up in my study thirty letters or more from every one from Ambassadors down to boys who were around at the time. I have a boyhood friend, the court painter at Berlin, whom I met when I was 18. We have corresponded for twenty years, and at last I was able to use his friendship. I sent him down to Vienna. The German Ambassador to Austria and the Austrian Ambassador to Germany got together and gave out the information which I have put into Trench. I have that letter, signed by the Teaser himself."

"I thought all of that was pure fiction," I gasped. "Surely no one in Chicago knew about the plot; there never was a Saadi?"

"Ah, there is the fiction. I wanted some one to exemplify my contention that the mechanical theory of life breaks down under the sweetening influences of life," he smiled.

"There's another thing," I said. "What about the Balkans? When were you there last?"

"Never," he answered.

"I couldn't have written Trench if it hadn't been for my friends, books as well as people," he concluded. "I don't suppose any man can write a book nowadays without his friends, what with the many faced modern life and the demands of the public that a book reflect all of life and not just one corner of it."

Books Received.

"The Harim and the Purdah." Elisabeth Cooper. (The Century Company.)
"Notes of a Busy Life." 2 vols. Joseph Benson Foraker. (Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati.)
"Principles and Methods of Municipal Administration." William Bennett Munro. (Macmillans.)
"Japanese Expansion and American Policies." James Francis Abbott. (Macmillans.)
"Business Employments." Frederick J. Allen. (Ginn and Company, Boston.)
"Railroad Valuation and Rates." Mark Wymond. (Wymond and Clark, Chicago.)
"Holders of Railroad Bonds and Notes." Louis Heft. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)
"Psychology of Relaxation." George Thomas White Patrick, Ph. D. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)
"Why Be Fat?" Amelia Summerville. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)
"The Child in Human Progress." George Henry Payne. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
"A Master Builder." Charles H. Brent. (Longmans, Green and Company.)
"Law and Order in Industry." Julius Henry Cohen. (Macmillans.)
"Roadside Glimpses of the Great War." Arthur Sweetser. (Macmillans.)
"Why Men Pray." Charles Lewis Slattery, D. D. (Macmillans.)
"Curiosities in Proverbs." Dwight Edwards Martin. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
"Fishing With a Worm." Bliss Perry. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)
"Rights and Duties of Neutrals." Daniel Chauncey Brewer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
"Armenia's Tragic Story." W. Llew. Williams. (P. S. King and Son, London.)
"Carfrae's Comedy." Gladys Parrish. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
"Mrs. Balfame." Gertrude Atherton. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)
"The Unchastened Woman." Louis Kaufman Anspacher. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)
"A Soldier Son." (The Dryden Publishing Company, London.)
"Vagaries." Charles Granville. (The Dryden Publishing Company.)
"Songs of Heroic Days." Thomas O'Hagan. (William Briggs, Toronto.)
"L'Organisme des Etats-tampons Gardiens de la Paix." M. D. Horowitz. (Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague, Netherlands.)
"Military Topography and Photography." Floyd D. Carlock. (George Banta Publishing Company, Menasha, Wis.)
"The Spirit of Man." Robert Bridges. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

AN EXTRAORDINARY TALE OF TWO LADY NOVELISTS

Frank Danby's story of "Twilight" (Dodd, Mead and Company) purports to be told by a lady who took drugs for neuritis, and it relates the highly emotional history of another lady who had heart disease, for which she also used drugs. Both ladies were novelists; the narrator's name is not revealed, but the other novelist was Margaret Capel. The historian has a direct and vigorous style which the reader will approve. Moreover, the tale she tells is queerer than Dick's hatband.

The narrating lady took a small furnished house in Pineland, her object being to escape from venal doctors, indifferent and overpaid nurses, outspoken and disturbing friends, and particularly a younger sister, who spoke lightly of neuritis, as though it had been a toothache or a corn. Dr. Kennedy called before she had been an hour in the Pineland retreat. She knew how to refrain from being cordial. "Where is it?" he inquired, referring to her ailment. Her answer was definite, but its brevity and tone indicated ill temper. "In my legs," she said. She had no idea of having him for her doctor. Still he was interesting. He was strange. His clothes were shapeless. "He had a good set of teeth and his smile was pleasant." He kept talking about Margaret Capel. "You knew she lived here, didn't you? That it was here it all happened? Do you mind my talking about her? Incandescent! I think that word describes her best. She burned from the inside, was strung on wires, and they were all alight. She was always sitting just where you are now, or upstairs at the piano. She was a wonderful pianist." The doctor's mind was occupied by Margaret Capel. There was small room in it for a consideration of the other lady's neuritis.

That night the historian took "an extra dose of nepenthe." As she drowsed she thought of Dr. Kennedy "and his beloved Margaret Capel, a strange devotee at a forgotten shrine, in his cutaway checked coat and the baggy trousers." A burning pain stabbed her. She took another dose. Visions presented themselves, "unsubstantial shapes, things and people that were not there." Margaret Capel entered the room. She had thin and tremulous pink lips. She seemed a little startled at finding another novelist in her bed. Still it must be that she did not resent the intrusion. "The last thing I saw of her," the other novelist records, "was a wavering smile, rather wonderful and alluring." Margaret came often after that. She was pretty sure to come when the other treated herself liberally to the nepenthe. Also the nepenthe, when it exercised its full power, enabled the consumer to look back and see Margaret with her lover, Gabriel Stanton, the London publisher, and with Dr. Kennedy, who madly adored her. It enabled the consumer to see and hear everything. She heard Margaret plead with Dr. Kennedy to give her a quick poison. She was present at the tragical death of Margaret, which had taken place several years previously.

Two rival novelists are not positively bound to think well of each other's works. We find Margaret's historian saying crossly to the obsessed Dr. Kennedy: "Oh, damn Margaret Capel and your infatuation for her! I'm sorry, but that's the way I feel just now. I can't escape from her; the whole place is full of her. And yet she hasn't written a thing that will live. I sent to the London Library soon after I came and got all her books. I waded through the lot. Just epigram and paradox, a weak Bernard Shaw in petticoats." The reaction of nepenthe is rasping to the nerves and the temper. It is not likely that Margaret's historian was a fair critic in the trying morning hours.

But when the novelists were together and when the nepenthe was working they exchanged critical opinions that were not wholly considerate. "You have no sense of style," says Margaret. "Nor you of anything else," says the other, and Margaret retorts: "A harsh judgment, characteristic. You are a blunt realist, I should say; hard and a little unwomanly, calling a spade by its ugliest name, but sentimental with pen in hand you really do write abominally sometimes." Rather curious to hear such an interchange as this between a novelist who is a ghost and a still living novelist who is buoyed with nepenthe.

Margaret was extremely egotistical. She did not hesitate to describe herself as a genius and to couple herself with the poet Keats. She was quite contemptuous when the other novelist bragged about her sales. "Sell! Sell!" she exclaimed. "Hall Caine sells better than you do, and Marie Corelli and Mrs. Barclay." She also said that her own novels always got a column in the reviews, whereas the other one was dismissed with a paragraph every time. Because this was true it was bitter. The other one yearned secretly for column reviews, but she was far from letting on to Margaret that such was the case.

Margaret's belief in her own literary genius was an impenetrable coat of armor, but she was vulnerable in some respects. When she was attacked by the pair of blackmailers who called themselves Christian Scientists she had small powers of resistance. It was then that she called upon Dr. Kennedy for a quick poison and that he gave it to her because he loved her so. The doctor wanted to marry the other novelist because she reminded him of Margaret. She saw, however, that his mind was unhinged, and having recovered from both the neuritis and the nepenthe, she returned to London and wrote her strange story.